Chapter 487: The Search for a Worthy Successor

Within the infinite expanse of inner multiverses, where time flowed in countless ways, Castellion Arisium sat upon his Throne of Omniscience. His golden eyes peered across the billions of multiverses within him, seeking one among the infinite who was worthy.

He wished to grant a mortal a speck of dust from his boundless power—a fraction so small that it would be insignificant to him, yet greater than anything that had ever existed beyond himself.

The Great Search

His thoughts spread across all existence, scanning through his worshippers, followers, and priests.

He saw the Holy Clerics of Elysium, kneeling in devotion, their chants echoing through sacred halls.
He saw the Shadow Priests of the Umbra Citadel, wielding the remnants of his dark dominion.
He saw the Divine Scholars, who dedicated their lives to unraveling the mysteries of the cosmos in his name.

But none were worthy.

They were powerful, devout, and loyal—yet they had not struggled enough, not suffered enough. Castellion Arisium did not seek the strongest, nor the most faithful. He sought one who could rise from nothing.

Time had no meaning to him, yet still, he searched for eons, sifting through an uncountable number of souls across decillions of universes.

The One Who Was Chosen

Then, in the depths of a nameless mortal universe, he found one.

A single, fragile soul on the verge of breaking, yet still refusing to surrender.

A lowly mortal, a forgotten being, cast away by society, rejected by fate.
A person who had suffered endlessly—yet had not given up.
A person who had no talent, no luck, no special bloodline—yet still fought to survive.

This mortal, despite all odds, held within them an ember that refused to be extinguished.

And that was enough.

Castellion Arisium, the God of Infinite Thrones, the One Who Contains Multiverses, had made his choice.

A System Born from the Absolute One

With a mere thought, he manifested a system, far beyond what even Ashborn had once granted.

But this system was not one of mere levels and skills.

This system was a test.

A single speck of his power was embedded within it, an unfathomable gift that could elevate a mere mortal beyond gods—but only if they proved themselves worthy.

And so, the fated encounter began.

Would this mortal rise?
Would they break, as countless others before them?

Only time would tell.

But one thing was certain—this was the moment where legends were born.